



PUBLISHED DAILY AND TRI-WEEKLY BY  
EDGAR SNOWDEN.  
FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 12

The New York Associated Press is not to blame for announcing to the whole country, as it did yesterday afternoon, that Mr. Jacobs had been nominated for Governor by the democratic convention of New York, for so far as the convention at that time supposed, that gentleman had received the nomination, but it now appears that the announcement was a little too premature. We are frank enough to acknowledge that the news was so good and so sensible, and so utterly at variance with modern democratic action, that we hesitated to believe it, and critically examined the dispatch, but there it was, plain and distinct, "John C. Jacobs has been nominated for Governor by the democratic convention." Thus reassured we perused the few lines commendatory of the action of the convention and praising its good results that appeared in yesterday's Gazette. We then left our room under the belief that the opposition of the New York democrats, for their own benefit as well as for that of their State and that of the whole country, had agreed to smother their fires, at least until after they had secured the election of their State ticket and that of a democratic president, both of which events would have naturally resulted from such action, but returned to it this morning, not only to realize how egregiously we had been mistaken, but to have all the fears that had oppressed us, previous to the reception of the dispatch referred to, more than realized. With such a split in the democratic party of New York as that now existing it is as impossible to elect democratic officers for that State, or what is of far more importance, democratic presidential electors from New York, as it would be to make Mr. Hayes enforce with impartiality his civil service order. Mr. Sherman recollect whether or not he wrote the Webster-Anderson letter, or Mr. Blaine return the Mulligan letters, none of which, the country well knows, is within the range of possibility. A majority of the people of this country is opposed to the prolonged rule of radical hate, sectionalism and corruption, and in favor of removing the reins of government from the hands of men who hold them for the sole purpose of furthering their own selfish and repulsive ends, and dire is the strait to which that majority is reduced when its choice for rulers is restricted to dishonest, yet plausible, sensible and well behaved radicals, and assiduous rogues who disport themselves before the public in the arrogant mask of democratic leaders.

To the faults, incompetence and inefficiency of the democratic leaders is justly attributed no little share in effecting the recent defeats the democratic party has sustained in the North, but the main cause of those defeats is unquestionably the fanatical hate of a large portion of the people of that section for their fellow citizens of the South, and the facility with which another large portion can be duped by designing demagogues into the belief that political liberty is denied at the South, and that such affairs as the Chisholm, Dixon and Bryce murders were the result of political proscription, when it is well known that Chisholm was killed because he murdered Gully, that Dixon met the same fate because he slandered Barkdale's sister, and that Bryce was assassinated by a man whose land he held by unjust and illegal means; that politics had really nothing to do with the murders referred to, but that were it otherwise, those murders would have been no more than repetitions of similar affairs that were not uncommon in the Southwest before the republican party was begotten, when party animosity was infinitely more intense than between whigs and democrats than it is now against democrats and republicans—but the occurrence of which was never considered as indicative of political proscription, but rightly attributed to bitter feelings engendered by political rivalry.

The Earl of Mayfield is a new novel just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It deals with real life and historical personages, while the scenes are varied and full of interest and instruction. The opening scenes are in the South. The incidents and scenes laid in Italy cannot fail to please the most fastidious. The last scenes are laid in "Old England," and the story is very well told. The book is published in a large doctissimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, black and gold, price \$1.50, and will be found for sale by all booksellers, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, on remitting \$1.50 in a letter to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE READING ELOPMENTS.—Mrs. Frederick I. Smith, who was recently reported to have eloped from Reading Pa., after a married life of only two months with a husband thirty years her senior, has published a card defending her action. She says his aggressive disposition and unceasing jealousies made life with him intolerable. Spies were put upon her actions, and every action reported to him. Rubbing against such treatment, he is a fit of rage, ordered her from the house. She accordingly went to Philadelphia alone, and took refuge in a boarding house where she had lived before her marriage. She said on the advice given by her mother. The husband is a well known lawyer of Reading, considerably beyond middle age, and had been married and divorced before he met the lady who has now left him. She is only 19 years of age, and as inexperienced and as immature as a school girl.

The Ball Domingo mine at Silver Cliff, Col., has been sold for \$500,000 to Governor Perkins, lieutenant Governor Labor and ex Senator J. B. Chaffler. Colonel Samuel Shafter, of Kansas City, managed the sale, and makes a quarter of a million by the transaction. Eight mines on what is known as the Barren Tabor property at Leadville, have been sold to California parties for \$1,875,000.

### The New York Democracy.

After our last dispatches from Syracuse, N. Y., yesterday, affairs took a decided turn, and finally culminated in a split in the democratic convention and the nomination of two sets of candidates. In order to make the matter intelligible to our readers we append the following report of the proceedings of the convention after the close of our report:

Mr. Cowan, of Albany, after remarking the evident wisdom of re-nominating Robinson, said the gentleman presiding here would make a good enough Governor for him. [Great applause, long continued.] He then nominated Mr. John C. Jacobs for Governor, and the applause and cheering were very enthusiastic. He asked the secretary to put the question upon his nomination by acclamation. There was great tumult and confusion. The question, and nearly every member stood on his feet, waving his hat. The secretary put the question, and there was a almost unanimous response of ayes, with long continued cheering. The secretary declared John C. Jacobs nominated for the office of Governor, and there was continued cheering, repeated over and over, which was followed by a second and indescribable confusion long continued. A dozen men then rose to move a recess, and it was a long time before they could be heard. When quiet was restored the chair said he regretted that the secretary had assumed his duties before he had authorized him to do so. If he had been asked concerning the nomination which had been made he would have respectfully declined.

Mr. Brooks insisted as a point of order that the chair should recognize the propriety of the action taken, and moved that a recess be taken for two hours.

On this the ayes and nays were ordered, and the secretary proceeded to call the roll. The roll call resulted—yes 166, nays 217—and the motion was rejected.

Mr. Faulkner took the chair. Mr. Cowan claimed that the convention had already nominated a candidate for Governor, and moved that the convention proceed to nominate a candidate for Lieutenant Governor. The chair said the chairman had decided the question of the nomination for Governor, and he, occupying the chair temporarily, would not change that decision. [Cries of "No, no!"]

The roll was then called, on motion to table Mr. Wilcox's motion for a committee of one from each county, to be appointed by the chair, to consult upon the situation, and to present to the convention a single name for Governor. The motion was carried—yes 226, nays 155.

Mr. Peckham renewed his motion to proceed to call the roll on the nomination for Governor, and moved the previous question.

The ayes and nays were called for and ordered on the motion for a recess. The motion was carried 167, nays 219.

Mr. Peckham renewed his motion to proceed to a nomination for Governor, and called for the previous question. A delegate seconded the motion.

Mr. Cowan again moved the nomination of Mr. Jacobs by acclamation. [Applause and laughter.]

The chair stated the question before the convention was that of calling the roll for the nomination of a candidate for Governor. Mr. Dorsheimer said he had a proposition to make. It was that the New York delegation withdraw from the convention, and that the convention take a recess to such a time as it shall see fit for consideration, and he was authorized to say that the delegates from New York would not obstruct themselves on the convention again. [Cheers.]

Mr. Peckham, in response, said that so far as he knew, the Democracy of the county were ready now to vote, and at any time desired was a fair count.

Mr. Morris, of Champlain, put in nomination Frederick P. Olcott. [Applause.]

After a scene of confusion the convention ordered the roll to be called on a candidate for Governor. The roll call had not proceeded far when Augustus Schellhorn, rejoiced that earnest fidelity of the city democracy in all times in the past, in sunshine and storm, and acknowledged that under no circumstances would the democracy support Louis Robinson, though they would the remainder of the ticket that should be nominated here, and that their representatives in the convention would now retire. The city delegation then left their seats and retired from the hall, amid mingled cheers, hissing, boos, and shouts, cries of "Good by, boys," "Good by, Dorsheimer," the whole convention rising to their feet, and presenting a scene of great confusion and excitement for some minutes. When order was restored, the call of the roll was proceeded with. Two delegates from Cayuga when called declined to vote at present, on the ground that so many delegates had left the convention.

Amos Laughlin, of Rochester, when his name was called said that his delegation had been instructed to vote for a new ticket, but now in view of the unprecedented action of the New York city delegates in withdrawing from the convention to which they had not admitted he would vote for Governor Robinson. The ballot resulted as follows: Whole number of votes 301; necessary for a choice, 151, of which Robinson received 243; Slemons, 56; Clarkson N. Potter, 1; Horatio Seymour, 1. So the chairman declared Louis Robinson to be the nominee for Governor. Mr. Cowan moved that the nomination be made unanimous, which was carried, with two or three objections. objection of Mr. Beebe it was ordered that the convention proceed to the nomination of a candidate for Lieutenant Governor.

Mr. Faulkner, of Livingston, presented the name of Clarkson N. Potter, of Westchester. He eulogized him as a faithful and capable servant, a man who had honored every station which he had filled. He moved that the nomination be made by acclamation. Adopted, with a single "no." [Cheers.]

Without any exciting incident, but with an occasional objection and the usual amount of disorder, the ticket was completed by the following renominations:

For Secretary of State, Allen C. Beech; for Comptroller, George M. Orent; for State Treasurer, James Mackie; for State Engineer, Horatio Seymour, jr.

Mr. Peckham moved a preamble and resolution seating in the convention the New York delegation from New York city as the regular delegates.

Mr. Beebe opposed this as unprecedented and ill advised. He moved to lay the pending resolution upon the table. This motion finally prevailed.

A preamble and resolution were adopted setting forth that as the Tammany delegates had without cause withdrawn from the convention prior to a nomination being made, said Tammany organization is deemed to sever all connection between the regular State organization of the democratic party in this State; that the democratic party of this State will not hereafter acknowledge or grant to such organization any prestige or preference over any other democratic organization in said city and county of New York, but will bear and decide upon the merits of all claims to representation in future State conventions as the same may arise and be presented by those claiming admission from the respective assembly districts in said county. Adopted.

The Tammany delegation, which seceded, held a meeting in Shakespeare Hall. As Dorsheimer, Schell, Kelly and others entered they were greeted with cheers. S. P. Courtney called the meeting to order, saying that representatives of 70,000 voters in New York and 20,000 in King's county had been invited and vilified in a democratic convention, and had appealed to that convention in vain to give them a candidate whom they could support. He arranged Gov. Robinson as one "waxed

by the great trickster of Cipher alley." Mr. David Dudley Field was then nominated by Mr. Courtney for permanent chairman, and was elected with enthusiasm.

Mr. Field on taking the chair said no democratic ticket had ever been or could ever be elected without the votes represented by the Tammany delegation. They had been told that they should have the nomination of Robinson thrust down their throats, and had taken the only step macho could dictate.

J. B. Haskins, of New York, said that John Van Buren on a certain occasion commenced a speech by addressing his audience as "Fellow democrats and fellow traitors." So the he, Haskins, would address them, but would add that "resistance to tyranny was obedience to the gods." He said that last year he had contributed as much as any man to the election of a cross between a mule and a jackass, but he expected to do penance for it in sackcloth and ashes for the remainder of his life.

Mr. Dorsheimer reported a plan of action, providing for the nomination of a candidate for Governor, and a committee of fifteen with power with reference to the rest of the ticket. He then nominated John Kelly, of New York, for Governor, and it was carried by acclamation, amid tremendous cheering.

John Kelly then took the chair. He said he did not expect to be elected Governor, but he did expect to defeat a man who had committed great outrages upon the people of New York. He hoped Robinson would be able to see the great wrong perpetrated on the 17th of March, when he resorted to the plans of the midnight assassin and burglar to secure possession of a public office. He spoke of other incidents of like character, and said let the convention take the consequences of the defeat of the party.—He promised that in New York the usual democratic majority would be secured. [Voice: "We will vote for you outside of the city, too."] "Now," said he, "I accept this nomination, [cheers] and will do all I can, and Tammany Hall will do all it can, and it can do much, for the election of our country ticket. I promise you shall elect it, from top to bottom. These men who have attempted to tyrannize over you will be beaten by 60,000, and they ought to be beaten and forced to give place to men of judgment. When nincompoops undertake to lead a party, they always lead it to defeat. They ought to be beaten, because the party ought to be purified, and it was time to change the head of the government of the State."

He hoped that in the near future they would vote again, and that the party would be vitified again, and rise like the phoenix to new life and power.

The chair put the question on the proposition reported by Mr. Dorsheimer for a committee of one from each county, to be appointed by the chair, to consult upon the situation, and to present to the convention a single name for Governor. The motion was carried, and it was adopted. [Voice: "The convention then adjourned sine die."]

REPUBLICANS OF BALTIMORE, HAVE NOMINATED W. J. HOOPER FOR MAYOR.

The banking house of John Gais & Company, Salina, Kansas, yesterday, closed its doors.

The Arctic exploring steam yacht, Jeannette has been heard from again off St. Michael's, where she will take on board E. quiniaux dogs, sledges and a complete Arctic outfit.

Associate Justice Strong, of the United States Supreme Court, has accepted the order appointing W. H. Dalrymple special master in the case of the holders of Tennessee State Lottery bonds, against Tennessee railroad companies.

The New York police have captured a gang of house breakers who have been plundering houses left unoccupied during the summer. One splendid house, on Madison avenue, had been entered by the thieves, who made it their home for several weeks.

A special committee of the Georgia House of Representatives, after an investigation of three weeks, reported yesterday in favor of the immediate impeachment of State Treasurer Ruffner, for high crimes and misdemeanors.—Ruffner had been drawing interest on state moneys.

Alva Mitchell, who is now in Europe and who was nominated for Governor of Wisconsin by the democrats Tuesday, declares in a cable dispatch that he declines absolutely and will not survive elected. This throws the nomination into the hands of the State central committee.

On the morning of September 3, about two o'clock, during a heavy rain squall, the Norwegian bark Lucia, from Porto Rico for Quebec, with sugar, was struck by the Red Star steamer Beledand, from Antwerp for Philadelphia, and out in two between the fore and main masts. The captain of the bark, awakened by the shock jumped through the after door and was rescued by the boats of the Beledand, which also picked up four others of the bark's crew. The second mate and steward and three crewmen of the bark, who were in their cabin asleep, went down to the wreck.—The expectorator, who was at the wheel, was knocked senseless against the bulwark and drowned. The Beledand arrived at Philadelphia yesterday with the saved.

RELIEF FOR THE POOR OF IRELAND IS DEMANDED OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

A number of tenant farmers, reported as delegates from Scotland, England, and Ireland, sailed from Liverpool yesterday for Quebec and Montreal. The delegation comes to America under the auspices of the Canadian government to investigate and report to their constituents the advantages which the Dominion presents as a field for settlement.

Spain is anxious about the state of affairs in Cuba, and has made loans to send troops there. Important dispatches are daily passing between the Spanish Cabinet and the Captain General. If the conditions of the Colonial Treasury permit, the government intends that the reform shall include a reduction of the export duties of Cuba and of the sugar duties of Spain. The Minister of the Colonies has agreed with the Bank of Spain for a very large advance to meet the expense of the reinforcements for Cuba.

COURT OF APPEALS.—The fall session of the Supreme Court of Appeals commenced in Staunton on Wednesday.

All of the Judges were present, viz: R. O. L. Moore, President; Judges Christian, Staples, Anderson, and Burke.

Century vs. Allen, from Rockingham. Motion for new supersedeas bond continued till the case shall be reached on the docket.

On the petition of Peter Wright a writ of error, &c., was awarded, a judgment of the County Court of Bedford county, whereby the said Wright was adjudged guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung. Cause ordered to be certified to Clerk at Richmond.

A. H. H. Stuart vs. the Valley Railroad Company. Motion by the defendant to dismiss the case on the ground that the matter involved is for an amount less than \$500, and time taken to consider.

MURDER.—The ship Henry S. Sanford, Capt. Sleeper, sailed from this port on Wednesday, loaded with railroad iron and boilers for Calcutta Pass, Ltd. Yesterday she returned to Stapleton, Staten Island, in company of a murder having been committed on board, and at present the captain and five of the crew are in Richmond county jail. A sail or named Daniel Cavanagh is charged with killing Wm. Hazan, a mess mate, during a quarrel.

POLITICAL.—Republican caucuses held up to date in this State have chosen 550 delegates to the State convention. Of these 247 are pledged to vote for Pierce, 226 for Long and 88 are uncommitted.

W. P. Ragland, assistant State Treasurer, died yesterday at Appomattox Court House.

### Letter from Chasseur.

[Correspondence of the Alexandria Gazette.]  
GODDARD COUNTY, VA., Sept. 9, 1878.—I was Napoleon's favorite mascot, and one he always impressed on his field marshals, and generals. "It is not wise to undertake an enemy," and the motto that is conquering Virginia to-day shows the truth of that saying. We laughed at the pretensions of the readjusters, and now we are fighting them with our whole line of battle, with all the reserves engaged.

It is always best to look facts square in the face, and in surveying the present deplorable political situation in our State we can trace the cause but too plainly, and we find the time has come when the despised republican party of Virginia may hold the balance of power, and may absolutely dictate terms to either side. This may seem a wild assertion, but I think I can prove it before I get through. This condition of affairs is the result of that wild cry of "Retrenchment and Reform," that captivates the minds of uneducated persons, and sounds as sweet to the masses as ever the melody of Arco's voice to the ear of the shipwrecked mariners. Retrenchment and Reform—let us cut down the expenses of the State government to the very last living cent; let us strip our old mother naked, leaving her garret poverty stricken on form revealed to the gaze of contemptuous pity or of sneering laughter. Retrenchment and Reform—And what did our noble Legislature do—cut down from the highest to the lowest, not much, they left the majority of the high State officials' salary as it was, or reduced them so slightly that it practically amounts to nothing, but the real workers, the clerks, the librarians, the very law makers themselves have had their pay so reduced that they have no incentive to exertion in behalf of their party. But few men want to come to the Legislature now, with its small salary. Of course there are plenty of candidates under the new order of things, but most of them only want one term, and go to the Legislature like they would go on an excursion, just for the novelty of the thing, or to grieve some private animosity. No business or professional man can afford to go to the Legislature with the present meagre rate of salary; it is very well to talk of patriotism; it is a pretty word, but it does not mean anything except in trouble or stormy times. The laborer ought to be the wage of his hire, but in Virginia it is not so. What ordinary man can come to Richmond and remain all the winter for \$300, and not lose by the operation. It will be said that they do so in other States. Yes, but not in fire scoured, hoof trodden, poverty stricken Virginia, where it is a struggle to make back and enough meat. I have met many of the old members of the Legislature lately. Members who have been returned again and again to the House, and who have ripe judgment and trained in parliamentary lore and Statecraft, and they tell me that they will not be candidates again because they cannot afford it. Said a distinguished gentleman to me the other day: "You mark my words, the next Legislature, with some few exceptions, will be composed of representatives of corporations, professed politicians, and party hacks, men who have their own private ends to further, and tramps who live on nothing. The people necessary to be represented by this coming assembly, then in any other since the old caliche days."

"You don't intend to run again?" I asked. "No, sir, unless I can get permission to live in the poor's house." "Well, General, what is the remedy?" "To wipe out that odious redistribution, re-apportionment bill, and the bill passed by the last Legislature for the reduction of salaries." "Do you think a legislator can live in Richmond comfortably on his pay?" "He can if he will bring his lunch in his saddle bags, like the member from —, and live upon his friends."

Politics, like everything else, has an inside and an outside. The innocent people who imagine that a candidate has a prime rose path to travel are very much mistaken. Let us see what it comes to. There is not one candidate in a score who, after paying all the necessary campaign expenses, don't find himself \$100 out of pocket. The majority of candidates spend two, three and four times that amount for their election. Then for clothes, &c., for a winter in Richmond will amount to another hundred. Bored for three months last winter, he then has his constituents calling on him throughout the winter, and he must show them some little courtesy, treat, carry them to the theatre, and it runs up heavy in the aggregate. When the House adjourns at the end of the session, if the member finds himself out of debt, without a dollar in his pocket, he is a very lucky man. All these months are wasted and taken from his legitimate business, and when he strikes his legitimate bill will find himself heavily the loser. Here and there are some who stand it, and only those others which have been spoken of, with exceptions of course.

Speaking of the possibility of radicals having the control in the next Assembly. It arises from that most marvelous wandering bill ever enacted by men calling themselves statesmen. I allude to the re-apportionment bill passed in 1876. It cuts down the representatives in the House from 122 to 99, and dumps together the most radical counties with conservative counties, thereby jeopardizing, or ensuring the defeat of the democratic candidates. I will give a few illustrations to show up the beauties of this new system.

In the first place by depriving our own Alexandria county of its delegate, it will require greater exertions to elect our ticket. Chesterfield, Manchester and Powhatan are consolidated, instead of having a member each, they are now between them, and it is feared that a radical will be returned. Cumberland and Buckingham will have one delegate instead of two, and he will be a radical, a loss to us.

Elizabeth City, Warwick, James City, York and Williamsburg, will have only one, a loss of two to us, for a negro will be sent from those counties. New Kent and Charles City are combined and send one delegate instead of two, and he will be a radical; a loss to us. Loudoun and Accomack will combine have but one delegate instead of two as last year, and he will probably be a radical. Westmoreland and Northampton have one. It will be a doubtful fight with chances against us.

Of course I don't pretend that these figures are infallible, but they are taken from the best information I can gather, and will approximate about right.

Then again in this spring's election the colored radicals paid their capitation tax, and the result will be a heavy solid negro vote.

It can be seen that when there is a regular conservative candidate and a readjuster candidate in the field then a radical taking advantage of the split in our ranks can crawl in between and be elected.

It is certain that the conservatives have no walk over the track this year, for to beat the combined forces of the readjusters and republicans will require hard fighting with the gloves off. The readjusters will have at least fifteen to twenty five in the Assembly, the radicals an unknown quantity.

The true inwardness of this struggle of the readjusters is simply one of personal ambition. Mahone desires the seat of honor, Massey is praying for the gubernatorial chair, Paul wants to go to Congress, and Judge Lacy will run for the speakership of the House next year. Should they succeed in their schemes they will then come to middle with politics.

As I wrote you last the struggle will narrow down between Withers and Mahone. Daniel I fear will not interfere with Withers by running against him, neither will others that I know, for there is no chance of a compromise

candidate being elected. It is fair give and take. No flinching and no skrimishing. I remember well the fierce discussion that was carried on last winter in the Legislature, about the transfer of the James River and Kanawha Canal to a stock company, the State siding up all the rights and privileges upon the condition that a railroad should be constructed on the site of the old canal. It was Mr. Boeck who engineered that bill through the House, and none but he with his thorough knowledge of the subject, his ready wit, his dogged persistence, could have accomplished the result. Could a happy thought have struck the genial and able member from Appomattox and he had chartered a packet boat and carried the House on a trip up the canal then he would have found no opposition to the proposed canal. In this fast age when steam locomotives spit smoke and are numbered among the things of the past, as an ancient flint lock is to a Winchester rifle, a patent steam thrasher to the flail, a crack ocean steamer to the old broad bottomed ship, so is a canal to a railroad. Four miles an hour will not pay when steam is rushing along at the rate of forty miles. The tortoise can not race with the hare, keep to the contrary notwithstanding. Canals are doomed, and no one will regret that fact. They have not even the glamour of the sage coach that the genius of Dickens has immortalized, and who regretted so keenly that they had passed away. But I don't think that even the great "B-z" could throw any sentiment or humor around a canal boat, even if it did contain the perpetual president of the P. & O. Club, Mr. Tracy Tappan, old Mr. Ward, and the irrepressible Sam Weller himself.

What good is a canal is the question I often ask myself as I sit and count the ages as we slowly glide past. Most of the farmers send their grain to the city by their private teams. It is useless to transport perishable articles like fruit and early vegetables. As a means of travelling it is rarely used except by strangers, and it is no wonder that the farmers along the route pray for the time when instead of the blast of the tin horns which the driver of the locomotive will be heard, and awks the quiet neighborhood with his shrill voice, that would bring encouragement and comfort to a community of agriculturists that are well nigh hopeless of better times ever coming.

The section of Virginia that borders along the canal seems to be in a long sleep. The people jog along in their old slow style, raising the same crops the forefathers did, leading the same existence, and keeping fast when if they cannot get rich. How different if the canal was changed into a railroad instead of a slow, creeping boat, that comes up three times a week in summer and is stationary in winter, for then it is in demand. The cars would rush through this region, which is as rich as any in the world, bringing capital and enterprise and emigration, and bearing back the garnered grain and tobacco of the farmers; lands would approximate in value, mills and factories be built, and the Rip Van Winkle sleep of the James River section would be changed into a live bustling place, with the prosperity of every land owner considerably enhanced.

The fatal policy pursued in Virginia, of her people asking too much for her water powers, her mill sites, her mines, and real estate, has been but one act of gigantic folly. Instead of striving gain by every means in her power, she has pursued a course that repelled immigration and rejected money, in the vain hope of getting more, until the natural result is seen. It is not too late yet to retrieve her past blunders. Will she do it?

Reader, Messieurs, or Mesdames, have you ever travelled in a packet boat on an August day? If you are like the Persian King that offered a kingdom for a new sensation, and if you desire novelty, engage a first class ticket up the canal, and there see if you want have something to think about afterwards. I certainly don't feel at this moment like being hyper-critical, and disparaging. Truly there is no accounting for moods any more than there is for tastes, for there are really some quiet, timid people, who prefer this safe mode of travelling to any other. No danger, said an old lady to me, of a fire or a bust up.

Traveling in a canal boat on a hot summer day is but another name for journeying along the path of Sybil's horrors. Outside on deck the sun blazes and pours down upon the crozier craft. You cannot stand it long, and dive down inside, and jump as it were, one leap, from the frying pan into the fire; for in this close contrived space there is no current of air, except the small quantity that manages to slip in through the narrow windows; it is close, crissed, confined, and sweltering, and rest is impossible.

But in the night it is more endurable, especially in one stretch of five miles; the boat runs along the river bank. 'Twas a glorious night as I passed down, and I spent it on deck. I do not think I slept a wink, though I must have occasionally.

It is charming, to be consciously retreating into unconsciousness; to drift, as it were, into that land where roses bud and fancy governs her reason, and where reason is banished from the court of dreamland. The man is at the wheel, the captain has turned in as it is near midnight, and a solitary passenger is enjoying near by his meditation and his old pipe, the rippling of the water as the boat passes through the barely audible; the night wind moans plaintively; the moon seems going to bed, and is drawing dark curtains about her, is her chaste majesty disrobes, and Venus across the way seems to be also thinking of her night cap. Away up the river bank the toiling mules are invisible, and the boat seems to move without any visible motor. The moon burst out again, and with it the darkness fled, the lights and shades become more distinct; the shadows of the trees and rocks intermingling presented a grotesque appearance, reminding one of some of the little fantastic diabolies which Teniers loved to introduce in his pictures of St. Anthony's temptations.

After awhile my fellow voyager, a hard looking grim man, having finished his two cent cigar, and throwing the stump away, turned to me and asked:

"Stranger, what about you are going?" I told him.

"What do you live when you are at home?" I answered him.

"What about your name be?" I told him that, too.

"Have you got a chew of tobacco?" I replied, I didn't chew.

"No I didn't."

"Did I father?"

"I believe not."

Then the idea struck me that it was too much like a medical examination when you are after having your life insured, so I thought I would change the tune and ask about himself.

To do him justice he held nothing back; told me he lived in the river a spell; said he guessed he had had his bad this fall; intimated that times were hard; hinted that whiskey was a good preventive against the night air; allowed that unless it rained the corn was would be short; reckoned that the poor man had not any show in these days; declared that he would be dog gone if it payed to farm now when tobacco and corn was down so low; kinder thought that mequeatoes were troublesome, and finally intimated that if any one asked him down to the little bar, next to the pantry, that he would not refuse.

Finding that his suggestion wasn't taken, he proceeded to dilate upon his family history; that must have been intensely interesting to him, but not much to anybody else. At last he said:

"My father lives close by here on a big farm, but I stay with my mother on a small place."

"Don't your father and mother live together, was the natural query on my part?"

"No, sir."

"Have they a divorce?"

"A what?"

"No, they have child."

"I mean are they divorced, separated, severed, parted?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You said that your mother and father lived apart, and I, of course, thought that they had regretted their marriage, and returned to their former and single positions in life?"

"Married, he replied; I never said anything about marriage; why, they were never eloped as ever I heard told; they just took up with each other, but they don't keep company now, but I'm sleepy."

So saying he took off his coat and began folding it up to use it for a pillow, while I sat lost in contemplation, thinking what strange, opened tongues people lived in the lowlands of the James.

CHASSEUR.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ALEXANDRIA GAZETTE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12, 1878.

As might have been expected the New York Democratic Convention and its action after the engrossing topic of conversation here to day. The republicans of course are delighted, looking upon the split as a positive assurance of the election of Corbett and of the nominee for the next presidency, no matter whom he may be. The large majority of the democrats in the country seem to have given up all hope, and in their desperation are showing all sorts of impressions upon the heads of both Robinson and Kelley, while not a few attribute the whole ridiculous and disgraceful fiasco to Mr. Tilden, and some go so far as to assert their intention of voting the republican ticket if that gentleman should obtain the democratic nomination for the presidency. Indeed the democracy of this city, like that of the whole country, has degenerated into a mob, with, at present, but little hope of extricating itself from that condition in time for the next presidential election.

The yellow fever statement of Memphis since yesterday's report, as transmitted to the office of the National Board of Health here to day, is as follows: 15 cases, 4 white and 11 colored; 7 deaths, 6 white, 1 colored.

The receipts at the Treasury to day from internal revenue amounted to \$347,236; from customs \$917,255.

Notices of importance transpired at any of the departments to date the only thing talked about at all of them being the tabernacle of the New York democrats.

"No, sir."

"Have they a divorce?"

"A what?"

"No, they have child."

"I mean are they divorced, separated, severed, parted?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You said that your mother and father lived apart, and I, of course, thought that they had regretted their